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February 1909

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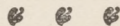
FRENCH & ROUSE

EAST SIDE OF PLAZA

To Our Business Managers

Who have steered us
safely through the
troubled waters of
debt and brought us
into the harbor of
financial security, we
dedicate this number.

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The Sotoyoman



VOL. IV

HEALDSBURG, CAL., FEBRUARY, 1909

NO 4

"Home, Sweet Home"

"Rose, oh Rose, where be you—come right here gal." "Yes Dad, in just a moment," a sweet musical voice answered the old and piping one. The old man sitting in the big farmhouse kitchen impatiently waited, but when the door opened and a fresh young girl bounded in a smile broke over his wrinkled face and his voice softened. "Now Daddy dear, what do you want, your pipe?" "My child not now; but your mammy is a callin' you in the other room". At this the child turned to rush off, but the old man caught hold of her rough home made calico. "Kiss me, dearie" he fondly whispered. Tenderly the country lass bent her head and kissed her old father, then went to her mother.

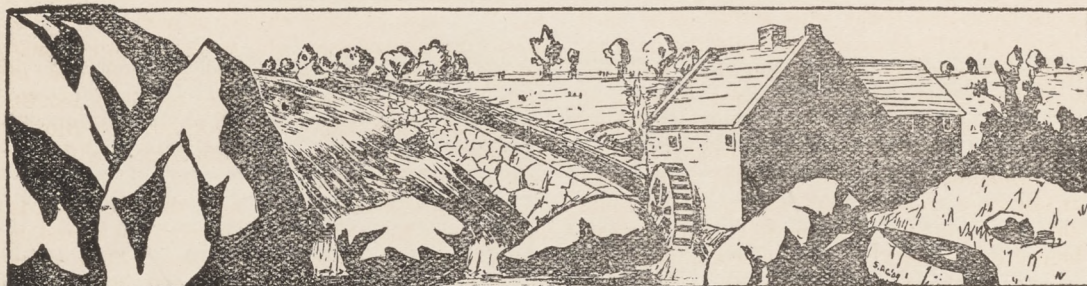
As she entered the room of her invalid mother her step was quiet, and her voice was soft as she bent over the bedside. "Dear mother" she said, gently. "What do you want, anything your little girl can do?" "Yes, Rose, go to the mill and take Bob's lunch to him, I thought I'd tell you, dearie, cause I thought mebbe you'd forget, when you're so busy with your garden this mornin'." "Oh yes, mother, I was going to, right away, good bye dearie, I'll be back soon." Tying a calico sun bonnet on her wavy hair she left the old house and merrily ran down the lane, past the stream, skipping on stones and walking through shady lanes where wild flowers abounded. Soon she heard the merry song of the mill wheel and the old mill itself appeared in the distance, vine-covered and crumbling.

As soon as she had delivered the lunch and chatted a few minutes with the admiring mill hands, she returned her steps as far as the stream. At the rustic bridge she paused, sitting upon a rock; she remained sitting silent for a few minutes, then a simple little song floated out upon the still spring air, as sweet as the warble of a bird. Unknown to her, the mountain-rose had listeners, for beyond the bridge stood a man and woman. As the last notes died away they approached her. The woman, beautiful and stylishly dressed, spoke to the now silent and blushing girl. My dear what a voice, I have not heard its equal anywhere. If you will come with me your voice shall be trained and you my dear will be a great singer". Now the little country lass shyly looked up into the strange lady's face. "No marm; thank ye, but I can't. Why I wouldnt leave my old mother and father. No, the old folks need me to help with the cows, chickens and the bee hives, and I can't be spared." Frankly thus she spoke and even after many alluring speeches she persisted, "No, don't tempt me. I won't leave the old place and ones I love cause Bob and I are all ma and pa have." Here she bowed her head and lowered her voice. "I must help with Bob 'cause he is sort of weak and we're afraid he will go wrong. I've got to do that, 'cause my poor old folks, are both sick and feeble. Thanks, marm, but I can't, good day" Bowing, the brave little girl ran off, while her strange friend stood baffled.

Little she knew that the two were noted people in theatrical circles, for the lady was Mlle LaVelle, a noted soprano, and the man was a theatrical manager. But she was destined to see them again, for the same evening they came to the farm house. There they saw a beautiful picture—the old man sitting in an arm chair on the front porch of the farm house and the old lady reclining on the couch. As they approached and spoke the object of their visit came from the back with a large bucket, of foaming milk. What a picture she made; a sweet innocent face framed with wavy hair that fell in two luxuriant braids down her back, her round arms bared to the elbow, tanned but shapely. The opera star was now even more anxious to obtain her. But upon talking to the old people she saw it would be hard. Her terms were splendid, she would keep the girl under her care, have her educated and her voice cultivated and also care for the old people until Rose was able to earn money. A hard struggle was going on in the hearts of

mill has been closed, forcing Bob out of work and to add to the misery the two old people were both sick. Rose went about her work each day but not as we last saw her. Her step was slower, her laugh not so merry and tears often dimmed her large blue eyes. Her heart was heavy, for no money was coming to them and her mother and father needed it. Oh, how she longed to do some thing to earn some money for them. Often she thought of the strange lady's offer, for she had heard from her frequently. Oh, if only she could help her, things were coming to such a pass that she felt that she should go to this lady and thus help her people.

Finally after many a struggle she decided to go to the city and thus end the suffering. A letter was dispatched to the enthusiastic soprano and two days later she arrived at the humble home. Joyously she greeted Rose, for she was ambitious to introduce this songstress, whom she knew would some day make a name for herself in the operatic



the old people; they wanted their child to have these advantages and thought she would long for them, but oh, how they would miss her. Finally the old man wiped his eyes and turned toward Rose. 'I'll leave it to you gal, what ever you want to do' The prima donna's face shone with triumph, for now she thought she had her prize; but she was mistaken. Rose knelt at her parents' side and with tears glistening in her eyes, softly said, "No, dear dad and mother, I'd rather stay here with you and the chickens and the cow." The simple rural speech of the girl touched the hearts of the worldly ones, for silently bowing, they turned and walked away feeling that the scene was not for outsiders. The poor old country folks foundly clung to their child, their comfort in old age, the feeble old man childishly murmuring "My Rose—our dear little Mountain Rose."

* * * * *

Months have passed and hard times have come to the farm house way up in the country. The

world. The poor old people wept bitterly at the parting with their child, but no heart ached as did Rose's. But it was all for the good of her parents, for when she decided to go Mlle. La Ville hired a sweet motherly woman to come and care for Rose's parents. Long and weepingly they clung to her, calling her "their Baby, their Rose." After a parting kiss she left the old home stead to go into the world, a new one to the unsophisticated lass.

* * * * *

Two years have passed, away. Up at the home- stead times are again prosperous, for truly has the fairy god mother cared for the old people. They are happy, for Rose, their little mountain flower is now to make her grand debut and a brilliant future has been predicted for her. Bob, their handsome lad, had gone to the city to join his sister Rose, who has promised to keep him from all wayward walks in city life.

"Well, wife, I'd like to be down in town to night would'nt ye?" "Yes father but I'm real content here fer now." Thus spoke the old folks on that night that Rose was to make her first appearance before the public. How proudly they read the comments in the city papers for Rose never neglected to send them home.

As they sit thinking of their only daughter, at the city theater, the star to be of the season is dressing for the stage. During the two years she has been here great things have been accomplished, and the little country lass of two years ago would be scarcely recognized in the stage beauty of to night. 'Tis true, her face was still frank and innocent, but her manner was refined and dignified. Proudly Mlle. La Ville waited upon her and talked incessantly of the popularity she would win. "Oh, my queen how all New York will rave", she exclaimed, but Rose scarcely heard her. Tonight instead of being happy and joyous her heart was heavy and nearly broken—Bob, big handsome Bob, had gone lower and lower into sinful ways until the honest boy of two years ago could not be traced in the dissipated and too wordly boy of now. How the true sister had pleaded and begged of him to remember his poor old mother and father and leave this wicked life, but he heeded not and blindly rushed into sin. He gambled incessantly till at last Rose refused him money. How could she enjoy her triumph when she felt that she had not helped Bob enough! As the curtain rose and she went upon the stage, she silently asked Him who governed all things, to help her in this undertaking to give her strength and to aid her in recovering her erring brother.

She sang—and so beautifully that the audience called for her more and more. "The second Jenny Lind" she was lovingly called and after the first song she was famous. With a smile on her lips and anguish in her heart she performed her duty and so pathetically and beautifully she sang that not one eye in the house was dry.

It was over, the great concert of the season, and the star, the heretofore unknown one, was famous. Following the grand finale, crowds of enthusiastic admirers swarmed about her, eager to speak to, or even look upon the sweet songstress. But to all their words of praise Rose simply bowed and quietly thanked them so sadly yet sweetly that every heart warmed. They thought it was only

the great triumph that made her so—little they guessed that her thoughts were far away where two old people sat thinking of their Rose. Finally watching her chance she quietly stole away from the crowd and blindly found her way to her apartments.

The room was dark save for the glare the fire place which sent flickering shadows about the room. There on a low chair by the fire sat Bob—poor weak Bob, his head bowed hopelessly. Quickly Rose went to his side and knelt, grasping his hand in one of hers and clasping the other around his neck. "Bob, darling look 'tis your own little sis" she pleaded. The grand city girl was no longer and only the simple little country girl pleaded with her brother. But the boy suddenly turned and with bloodshot eyes scowled at her, "Well what is it, what do you want?" The heart-broken girl burst into tears exclaiming, "Oh, Bob, can't you be good? Think of just two years ago, when you were not so, Oh, why did I come to this wicked city." I wish we were children at home under the protecting care of dear old mother, rather than have you here and you in the very depths of disgrace. Do you not remember mother's tearful face as she said "Rose take Bob but help him to be good? If any harm comes to him it will kill your poor old mother".

Here Rose broke down and the last words were sobs. Her head bent lower till it rested on Bob's knee. The room was silent till a voice sweet as any angel's softly sang and clinging to her wayward brother Rose the prima dona of a few hours ago sang "Home Sweet Home." The music and the great soothing charm of the words we all know wakened thoughts in Bob's mind, as the words softly died away and Rose looked up entreatingly. The boy guessed the question that was in her heart and whispered, "Yes Rose, I will." Ah, as the sister looked at the boy with that noble resolve upon his lips and in his heart, she thanked her Heavenly Father for the happiness, for hearing these words from her wayward brother was a far greater happiness than the applause of all New York.

Silently they sat before the glowing fire till far into the night talking happily of "Home Sweet Home."

KATHLEEN SWISHER '10.

For the Honor of His Race

The afternoon breeze was blowing in strongly from the bay, and the waves rose and broke incessantly on the stony base of the hills that here fenced in the domains of the ever turbulent tide. Across the harbor came the boom of the waves on the break-water that protected the little shipping station of Port Harford. An oil schooner strained at its moorings near the wharf and back of it all the mountain rose precipitously about five hundred feet and stretched out into the sea to the break-water where the lighthouse kept guard over it all.

Manuel sat on one of the great rocks on the beach with the spray dashing about him and sometimes even upon his bare feet, but he paid no heed. What cared he what happened? "One might just as well be dead as of no use in the world," he reasoned to himself. Here he was, twelve years old, of short but sturdy frame and quite able, he thought, to begin his career as a fisherman with his father. And so he had hinted to his father just the other morning but his father had only laughed and bade him go on to school until he was needed, which would be soon enough, he said. School! Bah; how he hated it. School, where the teacher reprimanded him every day for not knowing his lessons and where the boys jeered him and called him "Portagee" all simply because he had been born in far off Portugal. Portugal! How sweet the name sounded on his ears. He recalled with pleasure his many happy days spent there playing on the sands by the seashore with other little fellows of his own ruddy complexion and musical speech.

He was roused from his reverie by the incoming tide surrounding the rock on which he sat. Rising stiffly he scrambled up the bluff and started along the little path toward the docks. Suddenly a shrill sound came to him across the water. "Portagee, hullo, Portagee." Manuel stopped in amazement. He knew as well as the boys in the boat who were taunting him that they were never allowed to go out alone in the fishing boat with its single sail, requiring more skill and strength to manage than they possessed.

The boys continued to wave in derision and make mocking gestures at the motionless figure on the shore after they were beyond shouting distance. Manuel watched them critically as the boat rocked and dipped under their inexperienced direction. Would they be able to make the tack? He crouch-

ed on the very edge of the cliffs forgetting his troubles in his excitement over the evident danger of his foolhardy tormentors.

Suddenly he jumped up and began to shout and gesticulate wildly as he observed their preparations to tack across the harbor. Then he stood in wide-eyed terror while they loosened the boom and allowed the great sail to swing around with the wind. It flapped idly for a moment, and then the wind caught it full and bore it down almost level with the water. "Oh, why don't they right her?" moaned Manuel. But the boys clung to the tipping boat, too frightened to move. Then a great roller caught the upturned boat broad-side and the next instant the boys were struggling in the green waters of the bay.

Manuel waited to see no more. The docks were several hundred yards away but he sped there as fast as he could go. But, alas, the place was deserted; the oil schooner had put to sea and the warehouse was closed for the night. He glanced out over the shimmering expanse of sea but not a sail was in sight. He must act quickly and unaided.

Springing down the steps to the waters' edge where the sail boats were fastened, he hastily pushed off, but many valuable minutes were lost before even his skillful hands could get up sail and head toward the dark mass on the water which he knew to be the wrecked boat.

As the wind filled the sail the boat leaped forward as if aware of its mission, leaving a white streak of sea behind, but to Manuel it seemed to be scarcely moving. Would he be in time? His eyes never left the upturned keel as it rose and fell on the waves. He could now see the boys, a half dozen of them, clinging desperately to the half submerged mast and boat. The wreck was drifting rapidly shoreward and was already perilously near the rocks. Oh, why did his boat move so slowly? Would he be able to rescue them now or would his own boat be dashed to pieces on the rocks? Drawing up to the wind but not without shipping some water, he quickly reefed his sail, and taking his oars, dextrously drew in beside the wreck. One boy, the coolest of them all, had managed to draw himself half way up on the stern of the boat and without much difficulty gained a hold on Manuel's boat. Manuel dropped his oars for a moment before the next wave rose, jerked the boy in and then re-

sumed his task of keeping his boat afloat, while the other lad set about pulling in his companions.

When the last one was safely lodged in the bottom of the boat a shout went up from the shore that startled Manuel, who then noticed for the first time that the fisherfolk had at last observed their predicament and gathered fearfully on the shore.

Other boats put out to meet them and they were soon safe on the wharf once more. The people all crowded round Manuel and talked and cried un-

till he scarcely knew what he was doing. The boys came up to him and sheepishly apologized for their unkind treatment of him. "And I guess 'Portagees' are just as good as other people," avowed their leader in conclusion and Manuel thought that his cup of happiness was then full. But when his father gathered him up in his strong arms and called him his little sailor-boy, he broke down and cried, he knew not why.

—CETHIL JONES '10.



The Fatal Valentine

"Oh you mean, wretched creature, I just knew it would come out so. How can I ever forgive you." Thus spoke Ruth to her sister Helen as she entered the room and stood looking in amazement at the troubled and ill-natured girl before her. Ruth seldom had such spells for she was usually good-natured, bright and jolly. However on this particular occasion she seemed to be out of sorts.

Several days before, Helen had persuaded Ruth to buy of a friend of hers what she thought was a nice valentine. "It is certainly a very pretty valentine and I think Grace will be so pleased with it," Ruth had thought so the valentine was purchased and mailed to Grace Brown.

Several days passed and Ruth noticed that upon meeting her friend, Grace always looked the opposite way, seeming not to notice Ruth.

Trying not to notice this Ruth went on her way. Upon returning home from school this particular evening she had noticed a letter lying upon the table. She eagerly picked it up and read the following: "Ruth: I am very much offended at the valentine which you sent me, and thought you were above such a standing on which I now place you—Unless you make good for it I shall disregard you as a close friend". Grace

Ruth fled to her room in a passion and it was here that Helen had found her and had been met with a storm of angry words.

After Helen had left the room and she was again left to her self, Ruth began to think deeply. "I must go and be forgiven of that—that remark"

she meditated, so left the room in search of Helen who readily forgave her.

"Why don't you write a little note to Grace and ask her what she means?" Helen suggested. So seating herself at the drawing table Ruth wrote a little message and sealed it tightly. "I'll have Helen give it to Grace tomorrow and then we will be friends again" she exclaimed, much relieved, feeling sure that this little message would make matters right.

The next morning found Ruth in the best of spirits. She and Helen hurried off to school both humming a tune. Helen availed herself of the first opportunity to give the message to Grace and then went on her way. The note was opened and read. "I'll never forgive her! The idea of her sending me such a valentine and then pretending not to know what has enraged me so. The very first time I get a chance I will let her know just what I think of her," were the thoughts of the offended Grace.

The two girls met at recess and Grace said coldly, "Ruth I wish to speak with you after four o'clock".

The remainder of the day Ruth wondered what it meant, always thinking that Grace did not want to speak of their little trouble before the other girls and that she wanted to forgive her where they could be alone. Time seemed to drag, but at last four o'clock came. After dismissal the two girls walked silently into one of the recitation rooms and sat down.

"Ruth I cannot forgive you after receiving your note making such a pretense of innocence as you did. I shall no longer regard you as my best friend for I have found you to be one in whom I cannot place an absolute trust. People that will do as you have done, I care not to make my associates."

Poor Ruth, heart-broken, was sobbing now, and could only say brokenly, "I cannot understand what you mean. The valentine was the very nicest that I could find for you."

"What do you mean when you tell me such a falsehood as that? I have the very valentine you mailed me and if you think it is nice your views are entirely different from mine. I would never think of sending any one such a perfectly ridiculous thing as this one is."

Grace proceeded to open a slip of paper that she had folded up tightly in her hand. Ruth hardly knew what to say when she looked upon the horrible picture and read the indecent and cutting verse below it. "Grace I didn't send it to you," she declared.

"Your name is written on the back of it" Grace answered and turning it over Ruth read "From Ruth, Grace". "But Grace, I did not send it.

Somebody else has sent it and placed my name on it," she persisted.

"I'll believe no such nonsense, we'll speak no further on the matter, you just remember what I have told you," said Grace as she rushed out of the room.

A week or more passed by and no word was exchanged between Ruth and Grace.

One day, nearly two weeks after their controversy together, Grace and Ruth chanced to meet on the street. Grace threw her arms about Ruth and said brokenly, "Ruth I am ashamed of myself for my actions. I received the valentine today that you really sent me. It is just as sweet and pretty as it can be. Forgive me and try not to think of it any more. I can see now that some one played the trick on me. How foolish I was not to see it long ago".

Then they looked carefully at the several postmarks on the envelope Grace had just received and saw that it had been miscarried several times.

"Thou fatal valentine," exclaimed Ruth playfully, as she put it into its envelope, "cause of so much trouble and heartache. Be ever called fatal!" and so the unoffending valentine was named and always called,

—GERTRUDE FIELD '09.

The Capture of Philadelphia

For many days and weeks Howe had been trying to capture Philadelphia, but Washington was too wide awake for him and as yet he saw no way to capture the city. He was now near New York but was planning to make another attempt on Philadelphia.

Finally Howe moved from New York and sailed to Chesapeake Bay. Washington at once marched to Wilmington Delaware.

In his camp was a very bright young girl who had enlisted as a nurse. She was a very patriotic woman and it was of great delight to her when ever Howe won in a battle or any trickery was used on the part of the British.

It was in August that Howe landed his men and began moving toward Washington who, lest the British should push by him, fell back from Wilmington to a place called Chadds Ford; here a battle was fought on Sept. 11, 1777. The Americans were defeated and retreated to Philadelphia. They camped a little way from the city and Howe's

army was to the right of them, a distance of about three miles.

It was the 25th of September and a cold rainy evening. Many soldiers were sick and Ellen Reed was very busy with the sick. She needed some medicine and upon going to the tent of Lord Howe for it she heard Howe and his officers talking about the American army and how hard it was to send out scouts because the Americans were so watchful. The scouts they had sent out that day had not returned. Ellen, as I have said before was a girl with love of victory and thinking out a plan while the men were talking, she quickly spoke up saying, "Lord Howe, if you will allow me to go out as a spy I am sure I would be able to find out something of the situation of the Americans." Howe was a good natured man but laughed and said that such a dangerous undertaking was not for a girl. But Ellen persisted, saying that she knew she would succeed. Howe still rebelled and of course all the men in the tent would willing-

ly go rather than have Ellen lose her life. But she still pleaded and said she would go anyway if Howe would receive the news that she would bring back, Finally Howe gave his consent.

An hour later on the hill side near the American camp was heard the dingle of a bell. Some stray sheep or cow had wandered from a near by farm house, so the Americans thought. But no; wrapped in a long cloak and carrying in her hand an old sheep bell was Ellen Reed. After half an hour's walk up hill and down she had come at last near the camp of Washington. It still rained and it was often difficult for Ellen to see her way, but she circled around the American camp and once she was so near to one tent that she heard some one telling how on the morrow they would fight

the battle to decide who should have Philadelphia. This she knew would be news to Howe and thinking she had heard enough she hastened back to the British camp. When Howe heard this, and learned the position the Americans were in, he ordered that his men prepare to move immediately toward Philadelphia.

The Americans were awakened the next morning by the sounds of cannon in the city which announced the victory of the British. They had entered the city as the town clock struck twelve and so the capture of Philadelphia was made on September 26, 1777. As for Ellen Reed, she was proclaimed a heroine of the Campaign of 1777.

—ISABEL CARTER

Virginia Maxwell

It was during the war between the North and South, and Tom Maxwell, Virginia's brother was going out to fight, and Virginia told him to be true to his country and not forget her. Tom Maxwell was for the Confederate army, but he lived out of the Confederate States.

Tom and Virginia were orphans and they lived alone in a little cottage on a small farm. Tom had cultivated the farm and Virginia had done the house work and sewing. Some times she would help her brother if it was so she could. Now that the war came on and Tom had to leave her, it made it very hard for both of them. Virginia was going to have her cousin stay with her so she would not be alone. It is no use to say that the cousin was to keep her from getting lonesome for she would be lonesome, and who would'nt if they loved their brother as Virginia loved Tom.

The war raged on and Tom fought bravely. Every night when Tom would lie down on the battle field to sleep he would think of his dear sister at home, who was waiting patiently for the war to close and for him to return home. Would he ever return home? Yes! but perhaps not as she wished him to. Perhaps he would never see her sweet, sisterly smile again. One night Tom dreamed that the war was over and he was coming home and as he came over the hill near the house he saw his sister at the door waiting for him. As soon as she saw him she ran to meet him, but just before he reached her to embrace her, he awoke and found himself on the battlefield. It was the middle of the night, and all the soldiers were fast asleep. Tom thought of his sister, and he said:

"I will go to her. These men are fast asleep, and they will never miss me." He jumped up and took a few steps. "But no," he reflected "I will keep my promise, to be true to my country." So he went back and laid down to sleep until break of day.

The next day Tom was fighting very hard when a bullet pierced him in the heart and he fell. When the soldiers came to him he was nearly dead. They saw his lips move so they knelt down and heard him say, "Tell her I have kept my promise." When Tom's body was taken to his home, Virginia of course was very much grieved, but glad that he had died honorably. She waved a Confederate flag from the porch. The rebels came up and were going to kill her when one of the men spoke up and said, "It is a woman and have pity on her."

So they rode away to let her wave the flag in peace.

After the war was over the Confederate commander happened to be in the neighborhood where Virginia lived. He heard of her waving the flag of the Confederate army on rebel ground and thought her a very brave girl. He asked his friends where she lived, and was told that she lived in a little hut not far from the road. On the next day he called at the door of Virginia Maxwell's cottage. She was very much surprised to see this stranger and still more surprised when he told her who he was. He talked with her for some time, and told her much of Tom's bravery and faithfulness. Then she felt that her sacrifice had not been in vain, for in giving up Tom she had served her country.

—EVELYN GODDARD '11.



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We are at school again—this much we know; but whether we are glad or sorry, we do not know exactly—probably we are a little of each. However, we're at work again, and that, at least, is to our credit. Indeed, so far as the machinery of the Sotoyoman is concerned, we haven't stopped working, even during the holidays.

THIS TERM we welcome Miss Bovard to our school and wish her every success in Healdsburg High. Deep was our regret when we learned that Miss Saffold would not return after the holidays, but we can only express our appreciation of her work and wish her success in her new position.

"ALL THINGS come to those who wait," and so we have a new constitution. It now adorns the wall of Assembly Hall and should be carefully read by every student of every class—and not only should it be read, but studied and thought over. If you have anything to say about it, good, bad or indifferent, say it! But say it before the constitution is adopted.

"FEAST OR FAMINE," you know. Along with the new year and the new constitution come some new cuts, some new pages and a new front-piece for the Sotoyoman. They are on display in the present issue, and the cuts show much talent on the part of the artists, who have the hearty thanks and congratulations of the Editorial Staff.

THIS MONTH we remember the birthdays of three famous men—Washington, Lincoln and St. Valentine. Each of these men is remembered and loved for "what he has done." Their different work covers many phases of life and usefulness, but St. Valentine's labor of love is remembered as much as Washington's military skill, or Lincoln's great work of emancipation. Their lives remain to us examples of sturdiness, honor and genius.

THE FOLLOWING LETTER speaks for itself—Students of Healdsburg High School:

I jes' philandred inter the 'office ob yo' editah this yere mornin,' an findin' her out, I jes' sat down to her desk an' survaded things whiles I was awaitin' fo' her to return. I'se a priv'leged cha'ctah wid dat editah ob yo' all's, so I jes,' took the pleasu'ah of examin'in' her desk a bit. Fust I looked in a pigeon-hole, 'scribed "Stray Ideas," an' lan' o' goodness! what a heap o' scribblin' I foun', done on lil' scraps ob papah, which looked like dey'd been grabbed'up quick or chewed off'n

a whole sheet. On them'ar scraps was writ things, an' things which Miss Editah prob'ly wants to do—an' Lor' bless yo' some on' em's good ideas, too, whiles others am sort o' flighty. Nex' I discove'd a lil' book wid some names in it an' I noticed that some ob dos' names was dar quite of'en, also, I noticed dat 'ar list to be a pow'aful sho't one. At de top was a big wo'd which I su'mised was "Contributors," an' bein' dat I had no notion what them was I put the book away. My nex' discob'ry was a drawah ma'ked, "Copy," an' I reckoned sho' I'd done foun' somethin' good, but bless yo! dat 'ar drawah was as empty as Ole Mammy Hubba'd's cu'b'a'd evah was. "Sakes alive" cogitates I, "whar's dat 'ar editah goin' to get any copy fo' de nex' papah!? Dis am certainly a bad state ob affai's. Dat 'ar chile mus' hab fo'got de fo'e-handed ways she ben taught, to hab such a emptiness as dis here in her drawah." Whiles I war still ruminatin' sadly on such improv'dency, Miss Editah cam' in. She shore looked weary an' when she smiled it wa'nt a real cheerful smile 'tall. I axed her what was de matah wid dat 'ar "copy" drawah, but she wouldn't say. Howsumever, know-

in' a little ob High School, I su'mised. Yo'all certain'y want a good papah—one to do credit to yo' school—but yo' all seem to 'spect de stories to grow on bushes. Bein' as stories don' had dat ar habit, which would certainly be a handy one, dat 'ar drawah am empty. Dar should be some good, libely stories on han—stories which showed dat yo' all cared enuff fo' yo papah to spen some time an' thought writin fo' it. Dars none ob yo what caint write a good story, so dars no use a tryin' to excuse yo'selfs—leastways dat am de way I views de mattah. Also dar should be sum articles on different featuahs ob High School life, an' some show ob humurous write-ups in dat ar drawah. Else whar's de use ob habin' a drawah? Let de school an' de public know what yo'all can do in de way ob literature an' do credit to yo' teachin' by sendin' in a lot ob stories. Doan' min' how many—jes get busy writin' an' send it in to de editah. I'se gwine ter watch dat ar papah ob yo' all's real close an' I 'spects to fin' some scrumptious stories in it. If yo' all wants any mo' inf'mation, jes' drop a line to yo' all's faithful friend,

UNCLE IKE.





BASKET-BALL



GIRLS' BASKET BALL

Woodland 9—Healdsburg 27

The above score tells the tale of the basket ball game December 28, '08. For days before the contest much practicing was done for our team expected a very close and hard fight. The Woodland girls had a splendid reputation, having won the semi-finals of the S. V. I. A. L., and were soon to meet Marysville in the last league game. But the hard struggle did not come off, much to the disappointment of a large crowd of spectators who had come expecting to see a good fast game. But right here we must say, that the Woodland girls although not a match for the H.H.S., played under disadvantage. They had been on the road all day, a hard journey to make, consequently they were fatigued, and, too, we play a team of seven, while they are accustomed to playing a team of six. But they put up a very good game and at no point did the interest or enthusiasm cease. The game, despite the score, was fast, and only one stop marred the playing, that on account of one player being slightly injured. Woodland scored four points on field throws and five on free, while Healdsburg's score was made mainly on field throws. Following the game a reception was tendered the visiting girls. They were entertained by the various Healdsburg girls until the following morning, when they departed for their home. We all liked our opponents very much and hope to have another contest with them at some date. The line-up was as follows: Woodland—Goalers: Gladys Lowe, Leila Hollingsworth; Centers, Alice Leithold, Hazel Eddy, (capt) Edith Mitchell; Guards, Hazel Hodge, Virginia Clowe. Healdsburg—Goalers, Kathleen Swisher, (capt.) Elva Beeson; Centers, Gertrude Fields, Nina Luce, Una Williams, Mary Meisner; Guards, Audry Walters, Bera Mothorn.

On January 13, '09, we were to play Petaluma High School girls, but the last week were disappointed. They notified us that it was impossible for them to play as they had been unable to secure a court on which to practice. We regretted this very much, as we were very anxious to play them.

We were disappointed, too, in not playing Marysville. Arrangements had been made to play in Woodland with the Marysville team and a great game was anticipated, but this time the anticipation was greater than the realization for on the account of the heavy rains it was impossible for the Marysville girls to get to Woodland. We were very sorry, but hope to meet them later.

Friday, January 27, we met Santa Rosa on their court and a splendid game ensued. For the last two years we have been rivals, beating them on our court, while on their court the games have resulted in victories for them. This time, however, we were victorious, winning by a score of 18 to 19.

BOYS' ATHLETICS

P.H.S. 17—H.H.S. 7

On Saturday evening, January 16th, the boys Basket Ball team of the Petaluma High School, met and defeated our team in a game of basket ball, foot ball rules, at Fox's Hall. The game was decidedly a one sided affair, and the only excuse we have to offer is lack of good hard practice. The first half went in favor of P.H.S., by a score of 5 to 11. Neither Beeson or Stein were on our team during the first half, Beeson on the account of previous sickness and Stein on account of his absence from school for two weeks. When the whistle blew for the second half Beeson was forced

into the game and soon Stein was in, but this did not help us much for they both lacked practice so the second half also went in favor of P. H. S. The line-up was as follows: Petaluma—Goalers, Poehlman, Cavanagh; Guards, Denman, Adams; Center, Banta; Sub., Cannon; Official, Boothe. Healdsburg—Goalers, Judy, W. Lampson, 1st half, Young, W. Lampson, 2nd half; Guards, E. Lamp-

son, McDonough; Centers, Young, 1st half, Beeson, 2nd half.

TRACK

After our game with Santa Rosa we do not expect to play any more basket ball but will take a rest from athletics for awhile. Then we will go upon the track and try and be in better condition for the spring meet, than we have any time past.



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OF HEALDSBURG

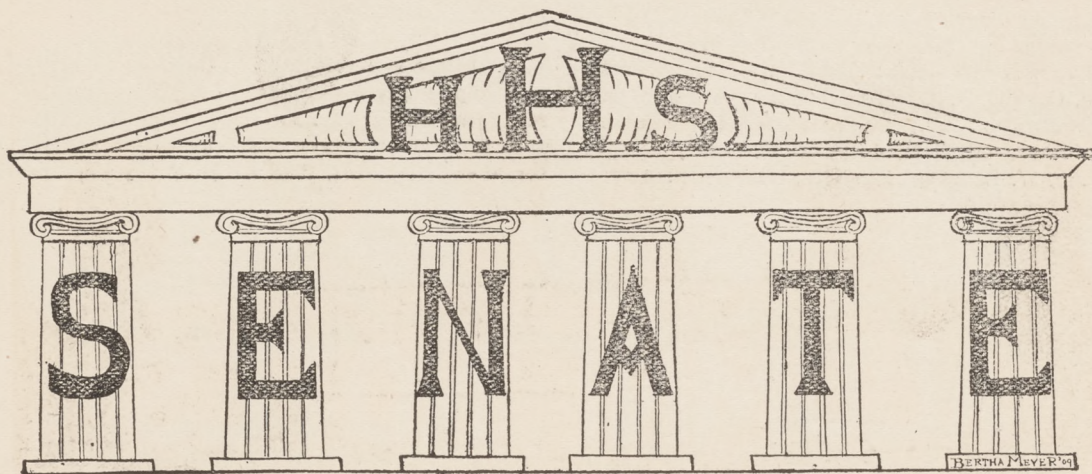
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J. A. McMINN, Vice-President

S. L. WATTLES, Cashier

J. H. MILLER, Assistant Cashier

CORNER POWELL AND CENTER STS.



The Healdsburg High School Senate has convened again for business. The officers for this year are Melville McDonough, President; Beretha Myer, Clerk; Will Gilger, Sergeant at Arms. The many good debaters of the class of '08 were greatly missed at our first Senate meeting, December 11, 1908. There are, however, a great many students of debating abilities among the present Senators, as the debate of December 11, testified. It is evident that we have the necessary material among the students to conduct a successful Senate this year. It is necessary, however, to have the support of all the students if we are to do this. Each and every one in the student body ought to make an effort to speak on at least one question that comes before the house, if only to say a few words. More questions on which to debate are also in demand. Students get interested! Write bills and debate on them! A list of the several committees that have been appointed are as follows:

Interstate Commerce—John Fisher, chairman, Bera Mothorn, Genevieve Gladden.

Army and Navy—Kathleen Swisher, chairman, Zella Rine, Howard Judy

Finance—Homer Coolidge, chairman; Helen Young, James Cuneo.

Military and Naval Affairs—Cethil Jones, chairman; Ora Young, Geo. Brown.

Manufacture—Edric Beeson, chairman; Beth Fox, Genevieve Gladden.

Indian Affairs—Carroll Waterman, chairman; Lela Yarbrough, Joe Thompson.

Judiciary—Edwin Kent, chairman; Mary Levensdusky, David Grove.

Territories—Audrey Walters, chairman; John Bruce, Chester Edge.

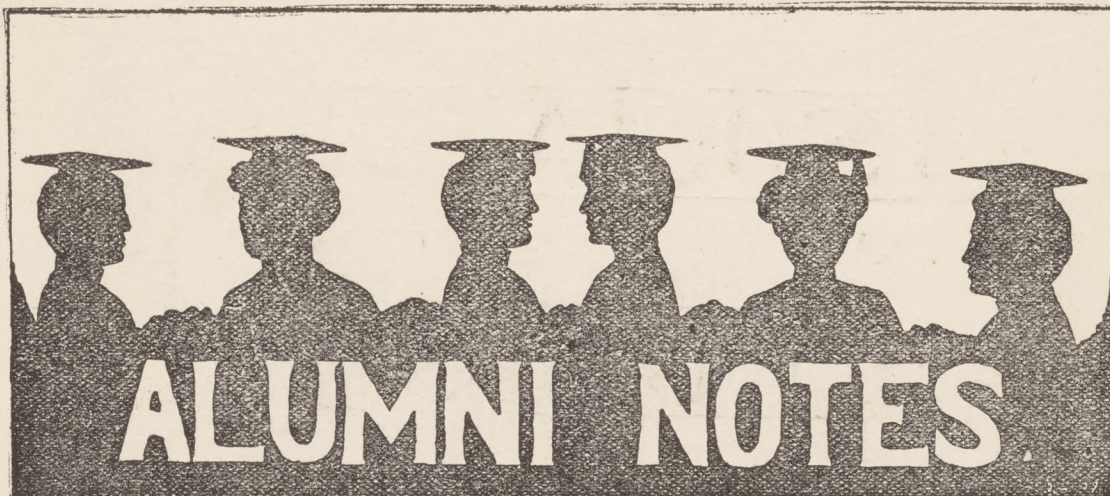
Education—Vera Nelligan, chairman; Edith Passalacqua, Jirah Luce.

Irrigation—Basile Hall, chairman, Alfred Passalacqua, Maude Allen.

Canal and Port Roads—Halsey Rine, chairman; Elva Beeson, Clare Doran.

Ways and Means—Rinaldo Jeffrey, chairman; Crystal Gallaway, Gertrude Field.

The clerk of the Senate has a list of the States and Senators appointed to represent them. Anyone wishing to know what state he is appointed to represent may go to the clerk for information.



Ethel Woods '05 was married to John Harvey of Colorado on December 17, 1903. The happy couple spent their honeymoon in southern California and returned to Healdsburg for the holidays. They expect to spend the rest of the winter in Los Angeles and in the early spring will go to Colorado, where they will make their home. The Sotoyoman and the High School wish them much happiness and success.

Sarah Grove '05, the popular teacher of Kellogg school spent Christmas at home.

Mrs. Stella Cake '04 of San Rafael, and Mrs. Mattie Bailhache '01 of Hopland spent Christmas with relatives in Healdsburg.

Fred Newsome '04 was home for Christmas.

The High School enjoyed visits from the following members of Class '08, who were home for their Christmas vacation: Floyd Bailey. Royal Vitousek, Aubrey Butler, Rachel Fisher and Lewis Green.

Others of '08 who spent Christmas at home are Dallas Wagers, Bertha Stone and Addie Crispin.

Jessie Boss '08 spent New Year's Day with friends in San Francisco.

Ariel Wills '05 of Elk Creek, was home for Christmas.

Lester McDonough '06 and Bert McDonough '07 were home for the Christmas holidays.

Annie Amesbury '91, of Berkeley, and Mrs. Ethel Carman '95, of Sacramento, spent Christmas in Healdsburg.

Thurman Wisecarver '06 spent several days of his vacation in Healdsburg.

The following Alumni attended the Senior Ball, New Year Eve: Addie Crispin '08, Floyd Bailey '08, Hetty Kent '08, Dorothy Kent '07, Gertrude Coffman '07, Charles Miller '05, Antoinette '05 and Nina Luce '06.

Gertrude Coffman '07, recently returned from the East.

Addie Crispin '08, entered the San Francisco Normal, January 4th.

Mrs. Maude Gunn '97 will soon make her home in Napa, where her husband has accepted a position.

We would ask the Alumni again, especially those at a distance, to let us hear from you occasionally. There are so few notes and there should be so many. Just drop us a card and let your fellow-Alumni know, through the Sotoyoman, how you are.



SOCIAL NOTES.



S. D. G. '09

The Senior Ball! Who can describe the scene of brilliant light and coloring, or the mirth and music of that gay New Year's Eve; What though the rain came down in torrents and the night was inky black—the Seniors were out for a good time and their ardor was not dampened in the least. They welcomed the New Year with all merriment and to the strain of music. Fox's Hall was beautifully decorated in blue and gold, '09's colors. From a huge Japanese parasol in the center of the ceiling, streamers of blue and gold were suspended and draped to the walls. The grand march was lead by Una Williams and Edward Beeson, both of '09. Many Alumni and the students from the other classes joined with the seniors in making merry and all seemed to enjoy themselves. The class of '09 according to all testimony proved themselves admirable hosts and hostesses, and gave their guests a most enjoyable evening.

SENIOR CLASS ENTERTAINMENT.

The social spirit seemed to have possession of the seniors, for on January 7th they gave another entertainment, this time a musicale and play. Certainly the ability and talent displayed on this occasion speaks well for the success of any graduation exercises which the Seniors may attempt next June. The entire program was enjoyed by a large crowd—and to say a large crowd means something, when one considers that it was raining hard; truly the elements seemed to be against the class of '09, for it so often rains when they give an entertainment. The program was as follows:

First Part

1. Piano Solo, selected - Renaldo Jeffrey

2. Tenor Solo, - - - Rodney McClure
3. Violin Solo, - - - Demetrio Jeffrey
4. Reading - - - Mrs. E. L. Morse
5. Vocal solo - - - Miss Jennie Hewitt
6. Rondo Capriccioso - Edith Passalacqua

Second Part

A BOX OF MONKEYS

Characters: Edward Ralston, a promising young American, half owner in a Seirra gold mine—Edwin Kent. Chauncy Oglethorpe, his partner,—Renaldo Jeffrey. Mrs Andego, an admirer of Frank—Una Williams. Sierra Bengaline, her niece, a prairie rose—Evelyn Goddard. Lady Guinevere, Llandpoore, an English primrose—Crystal Galloway Mrs. E. L. Morse conducted the rehearsals of the play and much credit is due her for its success—for such it was, socially and financially. Through the columns of the Sotoyoman, the Senior class wishes to express their thanks to Mrs. Morse and to those who so ably assisted them.

By a Soph.

THREE PARTIES.

A very pleasant party was given, on the afternoon and evening of December 29th, to Vera Nelligan at her home in Lytton. At three o'clock the stage and four swung into town and up to the High School, to take the guests out and a merry party of twenty climbed aboard.

The afternoon was spent in playing games and at six o'clock supper was served. The dining room was decorated with green ivy. Much laughter went with the meal, occasioned by the game of "Beans," and the contest of "Proverbs." Games

(Continued on page 20)

SCHOOL



NOTES

We have returned to school once again after a short but much appreciated vacation. Intermingled with the pleasures, of once more returning to our studies there is one thing which makes us very sad. We all sincerely regret that our English and Latin instructor, Miss Saffold has left us and we all wish her a very successful term in her new school. We have a new teacher, Miss Bovard, who we feel sure will very capably fill Miss Saffold's position.

Flora Piatt recently of class '10 has moved to Oakland.

Miss Saffold, our English and Latin instructor, of last term, has accepted a position in Napa High School.

Ward Smith formerly of Class '08 and recently a graduate from the university farm at Davisville, has accepted a position in Stockton.

Miss Bovard of Berkeley is with us as our English and Latin instructor this year.

Riley Swisher '10 spent New Year Eve in San Francisco.

Mr. Scatena has entered our school as a member of the Freshmen Class.

Emma McCormich, formerly of class '10, has moved to San Francisco.

The girl's Basket Ball Team of Woodland was

entertained by different members of the High School during vacation.

Kathleen Swisher '10 accompanied the Woodland girls home and spent a week with Alice Leithold, a member of the team. She had a very enjoyable time and had the pleasure of visiting for a day at their High School.

Louis Stein '11 has returned to the city after attending our school last term. We sincerely regret that Mr. Stein has left us, as he was one of our athletes.

The Senior Class held their annual New Year's Ball on New Years Eve, but on account of the rain the attendance was small.

Crittie Young '10 and Ora Young '09 spent Christmas week in Santa Rosa.

Frank McClish '09, who was recently confined to his home by a dose of measles, is with us again.

Homer Coolidge '09 spent Christmas week in San Francisco.

The Senior Class Entertainment took place January 8th, '09 at Truitt's Theatre and was enjoyed by a fairly large crowd. The farce "A Box of Monkeys", was very amusing, and the students who took part did justice to their ability. Evelyn Goddard played the title role remarkably well.

Olly Bond, recently from Douglas, Arizona has been enrolled as a commercial student.



We acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges this month—"The Flame," Fruitvale, Cal., "The Omnigraph," Xenia, Ohio, "High School Register" Omaha, "The Alert," Turlock, "The Dragon" Greenfield, "Shasta Daisy" Redding, "The Bulletin" Montclair, "The School Herald" San Jose, "Loyal Sons Gazette," Oakland, and "The Ingot" Hancock, Michigan.

This month we received a few more exchanges than heretofore and feel more encouraged. It is disappointing to send out dozens of papers and receive only a few in return; so this month the number we have received looks good to us. We still wish for more, however, and would gladly welcome all papers to our table.

One fault common to many papers is this—the lack of criticism on exchanges. Of course when a large number of papers are on hand it means work for the exchange editor, but nevertheless, it does not look well to do more than acknowledge exchanges. Even if only a line is given to each, that is sufficient—just give a little encouragement. Point out a defect or a good point; offer suggestions; but show the other schools that you are enough interested to give them a write-up.

"THE FLAME"—We have as usual, only words of praise for you and undoubtedly you are our star exchange. Your josh columns, departments and cover cuts stand out especially prominent. Each time you come you are adorned with a new cover design and the quality of your paper is excellent. It is indeed a pleasure to look over a paper such as yours.

What's the matter with your exchange columns, Xenia Hi? In the December issue of THE OMNIGRAPH only a small portion of the paper is devoted to criticisms of school papers. The poetry, however, is very good and displays considerable talent—also your cover cut is suggestive.

The "HIGH SCHOOL REGISTER", Omaha, is with us this month and is hailed with delight.

Allow us to congratulate you on your splendid athletic ability, and subsequent championship honors. Your paper is up to its usual standard, only we would advise more literary work. Surely you have the ability, in such a school as yours, so make the students hustle as well as the staff.

The contents of Turlock Hi, is very good especially the school notes. The illustration effects of the four classes, certainly are very catchy and such things make a paper attractive. A more attractive cover, however, would help your paper and be more in accordance with the good reading which is to be found inside. The editorials deserve special mention.

The football number of "THE DRAGON" is with us and is interesting, although not enough mention or space is given that sport to truly call it a football number. For instance one would expect special mention of players' merits and pictures of teams to be found in such a number. We are glad to note the finish of the continued story, "The Mysterious Suitcase." Continued stories are rather uninteresting in a paper which is sent about as an exchange and not subscribed for. The cartoons are very "jolly."

THE SCHOOL HERALD, San Jose, is a new sort of a paper for us. It is a weekly sheet, published by and for the students of that institution and speaks well for the energy and ability of the San Jose High School.

More cuts would help you out "LOYAL SONS GAZETTE". We are pleased to see a steady improvement with each edition of your paper. Your exchange column is good but we fail to see any write up concerning our paper. Probably though, our exchange did not reach you.

"SHASTA DAISY", you have a good paper but the cuts must have all been behind the door when your paper was published. 'Tis true, two turkeys appear on each page and no doubt they looked appetizing around Christmas and Thanksgiving, but it would be wise to have other cuts

also. We admire the size of your paper very much, also the coloring of the paper.

Minus the cuts in "THE INGOT"—hope to see them the next time. The novel scheme displayed for an exchange column is perfectly dandy and we congratulate some one on having such an inventive mind.

"THE BULLETIN," from Montclair, also is lacking in cuts and guilty of that fault of acknowledging and not writin up exchanges. Congratulations for your athletes.

We have two copies of the "GUARD AND TACKLE" this month, Thanksgiving and Christmas numbers. Both are very good, although a few cuts would'nt hurt any; your josh columns in both are full and snappy, and the cover cuts are suggestive. But the continued story "An April Folly," rather spoils your paper—it is not a good idea to have a continued story unless you also publish the synopsis of the preceding chapters so the readers can get the connection. Why not write up all the exchanges you receive? We fail to see any write-up on the Sotoyoman in either number.

"THE CHRONICLE," from Kingston, Ohio, is a very good exchange, but where are the cuts? We hope to see more in the next issue. A table of contents should appear in each exchange, as it immediately gives the reader an insight as to what they are going to read. The pages of ads appearing at the first front of the paper detract from the otherwise attractive appearance.

Welcome, "ULATIS" to our school—A new exchange is always interesting and it is as pleasant to get acquainted with new papers. As this is your first publication and attempt we offer only our hearty congratulations and wish you future success. We hope to receive all future copies and will always be glad to receive you, "ULATIS."

The "WALLACE WORLD is again with us in gala attire for the Christmas number and we ex-

tend to you a glad welcome. The story entitled "Khea Balles" promises to be very interesting but it's too bad that it is to be continued, as it loses much of its style thereby.

Your cuts throughout your paper, "REVIEW," Sacramento, are very good, but the cover design could be made catchy and attractive. The editorials of the Thanksgiving number are very good and show that you have a conscientious editor, who endeavors to give you all good advice and still not be preachy.

"THE POLYTECHNIC," San Francisco, is a very worthy exchange and is up to its usual standard. The book abounds in "cuts" and good literary matter, and that speaks well for the ability of the students.

"THE ORACLE," from Oakdale, Cal., is simply splendid and the Oakdale students should be proud of their large and interesting edition. Congratulations.

WHAT OTHER EXCHANGES THINK OF US.

The ALERT, Turlock, Cal.—"The Sotoyoman" Healdsburg, Cal., is good from cover to cover. The joshes are especially interesting. We hope to see you again Sotoyoman.

SHASTA DAISY, Redding—The Sotoyoman from Healdsburg Hi is a good paper for its size. The school is a strong one in athletics and we venture to say in academic work.

THE POLYTECHNIC, S. F.—The Sotoyoman from Healdsburg has the most attractive and appropriate cover design yet upon our list. Larger type and more volume would greatly improve your paper.

THE FLAME, Fruitvale, Cal.—"The Sotoyoman," Your cover cut is fine also your josh cut but a few more joshes would add greatly to that department.



THE SOTOYOMAN SOCIAL NOTES

(Continued from page 16)

and music were resumed in the evening and all present had a delightful time. The guests were the following: Miss Kimball, Fred Young, Floyd Bailey, Audry Walters, Elva Beeson, Eddie Beeson Bera Mothorn, Johnnie Fisher, Isabel Carter, Una Williams, Edwin Kent, Lela Yarbrough, Howard July, Mary Levenduksy, John Bruce, Helen Young, Laura Day and Gertrude Field.

On Saturday evening, January 2, Lela Yarbrough was tendered a surprise party at her home near Grant it being the occasion of her birthday. Games and music sped the hours along and jollity prevailed. Delicious refreshments were served and the game of "Peanuts" enlivened the supper hour. The guests departed at a late hour, wishing Lela many years of happiness and success. They were as follows: Effa Grant, Etta Sandborn, Grace Wyckoff, Bess Wyckoff, Eva Wyckoff, Edith Howard, Violet, Lela and Georgia Yarbrough, Andrew Nel-

son, Lennox Banks, Herbert Banks, Clare Doran and Eugene Wyckoff.

On the evening of December 31 a party was given in honor of the eighteenth birthday of Etta Sandborn, ex-'12. Games and Music served to pass the hours pleasantly. The table was beautifully decorated; in the center was a cake presented to Etta by Miss Doris Dellwig, of San Jose, whose father owns the California Bakery in which Etta was formerly employed. The guests departed just as the new year came in. They were Leatha Brown, Laura Day, Vira Sanborn, Ethel Kruse, Nilda Cuneo, Effa Grant, Mae Banks, Lela and Georgia Yarbrough, Olive and Jessie Kron, George Bovett, Eugene Wyckoff, George Brown, Alfred Kruse, Reaford Shriver, Ora Mays, James Cuneo, Andrew Nelson, Mr. Iverson, and Herbert and Lennox Banks.

Washington Crossing the Delaware

Listen full well and I will tell
Of the flight of Washington's army;
'Tis a thrilling tale of a dangerous sail—
For the night was dark and stormy.

In the wake of their leader the soldiers crept,
As stealthily as they could—
They dared not wait for the morning late,
As they knew that the Hessians would.

Leaving their camp fires burning,
Their hasty flight to hide,
They started across the river
For the camp on the other side.

The boats they had were few
And closely they crowded in
The enemies' fire burned low
And all in their camp was dim.

'Twas a long time after midnight,
On this noted Christmas eve,

When after struggling bravely
Their boats the men did leave.

Cold and almost frozen
They landed on the shore
And attacked the sleeping Hessians
In bloody fight and gore

Taken thus quite by surprise
The guards gave no alarm
And so the watchful Hessians
All justly came to harm.

Thus the brave General Washington,
A mighty victory gained
For his sturdy grit and fearlessness
Our praise on him is rained.

—ELIZABETH GALLAWAY, '11

(The above was taken from the Sophomore English ballad work—ED.)

W. S. EVELETH, Pres.

J. C. CRAIK, Mgr.-Sec'y

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NOTE—To Healdsburg and surrounding people it will be of interest to know that the officers of the Metropolitan are R. H. Webster, M. A., President, Ex-Supt. S. F. School Dept; L. A. Jordan, B. L., Vice President, Ex-Deputy Supt. of S. F. School Dept., a former resident and business man of Healdsburg; B. E. Jordan, Principal, a native and frequent visitor of Healdsburg. That the College is located in the residence district, and besides giving the best instruction, helps in finding a good position; the student receives the personal attention of the Principal, who interviews him frequently and reports to parents fully, at least monthly. Sonoma County people can therefore feel *safe* in sending their children to the *Metropolitan*.

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Healdsburg, Cal.

W. S. '12—in penmanship to Prof. H.—I can't make those (eyes) I's.

Prof. H. —“Well I will show you how”.

Small Fred—“Papa, are you going to have a girlvanized iron roof put on our new house.”

Papa—“You mean galvanized, don't you?”

Fred—Yes but teacher said we should say “girl” not “gal”.

Teacher—“What is the first meal you eat in the morning?”

Pupil:—“Oat meal.”

A man paved a pavement with one ear.

Teacher:—“Dick can you tell me the meaning of the French word salle?”

Pupil:—No sir, da am orinoco to my discussion.
(Next Pupil) “Well, fust I don't know; second I dont feel like talking; last I dont know what orinoco to discusson am so, I feel too delicate in ariculating.”

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Little Johnnie—in the next room—"He can't sister is sitting on him."

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Watches, Diamonds, Jewelry, Etc. Class Pins to order
Fine Repairing a Specialty. Waterman Fountain Pens

HEALDSBURG**CALIFORNIA**

She was giving an exposition on culpable homicide. "If I went out in a small row boat and the owner knowing it was leaking and I got drowned. What would that be?"

Pupil—"A vacation, sir."

L. B. in English—"The Ancient Mariner and the wife of Ushers, well, were alike in form."

B. G. is a frequent caller at High nowadays, and G. G. '10 is looking happy."

For Sale—A nice old skate. Kicks only when tickled in the ribs. Speed—3.2½ around the barn. Apply to E. Beeson.

'Tis queer that a fish is always weighed on its own scales.

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Social Dance Every Saturday Evening

Special Rates for Social Entertainments

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We sell
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Grade" Suits
College Cut Suits

Teacher—"You have no certificate of vaccination John and I can't find any scar.

Where were you vaccinated?"

New Boy—much frightened "In Missouri."

The visitor dropped a nickel into the three year old boy's hand, "What do you say now Jimmie?"

"More," was the answer the horrified visitor received.

J.T. '11—"He descended the throne".

Darwin says men from monkeys are sprung,

And the chances seem quite that they are;

But if that be the truth, here's another forsooth

That some didn't spring very far.

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Ladies' and Gentlemen's Wearing Apparel

College Novelties, Society Stationery, Spaulding's Athletic Goods

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Fancy Groceries, Fruits, Vegetables,
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Teacher—"How many telegraph poles will it take to reach the moon?"

Pupil—"One if it is long enough".

Dollars and doughnuts, Pennies and pies
Make one healthy, wealthy and wise.

Beth F.—translating in German—"He stood on the cliff and looked over the tops of the trees at his feet."

"It's a wet day for the race."

"What race?"

"Why the human race, of course."

Mr. H. to C. Y. '10—Crittie I see that instead of having C. D. Q. in the letter you wrote, you have P. D. Q.

Blessed is he that sitteth on a tack for he shall arise again. For futher information ask R.R. '12.

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For Finest Home Made
Candies and Ice Cream

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HARDWARE

Farming Impements of All Descriptions

—AGENT FOR—

Samson Windmills and Universal Ranges

Teacher—"Who was the greatest man Washington or Lincoln?"

Pupil—"Lincoln".

Teacher—"Why?"

Pupil—"Because Lincoln was 6ft. 4in. tall and Washington was 6ft. 2in. tall."

"Allow me to introduce the best part of a beast and the worst part of a woman," said the butcher on delivering a tongue.

"The happiest moments of my life," says Conway, "are the early morn when father yells up stairs for sister to get out of bed and get breakfast and I realize that it isn't me he is calling"

Wife—at dinner—"What can be more delicious than a nice canvasback?"

Husband—"A greenback my dear, a greenback"

Below are some of the remarkable "proverbs" which came to light in a recent contest:

"Make the best of every friend who's got money."

The Freshmen all "laugh at their own folly."

"A half a loaf" is minus the other half.

"Better to wear out " your own clothes than some one else's.

"Men like watches, have to be wound."

Curses, like chickens, come home to be picked.

"Turn about" and run.

"It's a long lane that never stops."

Pump "till the well's dry."

All are old maids "who only stand and wait."

The "road to learning" is through H. H. S.

People who make love "in glass houses" should pull down the curtains.

The New Fall Footwear

we are showing is not the ordinarg kind, but better. Better in workmanship, better in material, better in style,

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BREAD, PIES, CAKES
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Fresh supply of Groceries always on
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We furnish single and double rigs
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